

# BLACKFISH and the SALT SEA

BY I. DE B. HANDLEY  
FIELD & STREAM

MONG the rarest of salt water fish is the one that affords great sport to the angler is the blackfish of eastern waters.

There are those who think that salt water fishing lacks one of the essentials of true sport, there being no casting or other fine rod work to be done. They maintain that, but usually, that as much skill is needed to lure some of the fresh water varieties to the bait as to land them after a strike, and that one misses the keen battle of wit against instinct and several virtues. Although the blackfish does not alter the fact that surroundings play an all-important part in the full enjoyment of a day's outing with rod and reel, a thing even the most enthusiastic angler would soon come to realize were it possible to catch the highly prized varieties from the unpicturesque docks along the water fronts of our cities.

There is inborn within all of us a keen love of the beautiful in nature and in the appeal made to us by the country into which we are taken lies much of the fascination of angling. We are stirred by the swish of the wind through the swaying trees, the murmur of the brook, the silence of the deep pool among the rocks, the placid lake, the fragrance and mystery of the wild woods.

And is not the sea every bit as fascinating? Indeed, once experienced, one never again escapes the subtle spell it weaves about one with its salt-laden breezes, its shimmering surface, its great body of water sparkling in the sunshine, the silvery beaches, rocky ledges and luxuriant green shores.

The blackfish inhabits localities that show the sea at its best and he is so game and crafty a fighter as to leave nothing to wish for on this score. It is not for nothing that he has won for himself the name of "bulldog of the sea." His large, powerful jaw is of iron, and he will dispute every inch of line, resorting to all manner of clever tricks in order to evade himself. He is never caught until you have him safely in the boat and the skirmish between you will likely end in his getting away with the best part of your tackle unless your hand is skilled and your attention unwavering.

The blackfish is to be found along the shores of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Old fishermen claim that his appearance north of Boston is comparatively recent; that when the Indians roamed the territory at will, he had placed among their choicest table delicacies and we are told that the Pequogans, who called him "taugog," held him in high esteem as a spring and fall food.

The name of blackfish, evidently due to the fish's color, is not a particularly fortunate one. Though the black is of a dark gray and mottled, the sides are silvery lighter and the under part almost white.

The blackfish inhabits the vicinity of rocky ledges, reefs and rough bottoms and shows a decided preference for places where the tide runs swiftly. Here he will lie in ambush behind some sheltering rock and await the passage of shrimp and small crabs carried down by the tide. When he spies his prey he darts out with lightning rapidity, pounces upon it and darts back to cover. This action for tidal fishes has from him the name of "tide runner" in certain localities. He is also found inside the sandy bays along the southern shore of Long Island and on the ocean banks of Sandy Hook. In the larger specimens are to be caught in these localities, this, added to a slight but noticeable difference of color between the rock and the sand catches, has led to the belief that there are two distinct varieties of blackfish, which is not the case. Only one exists.

Wonderful tales are told in the eastern fish market regarding the size of some of the blackfish brought in from the banks offshore are those who will swear to having seen five pounders weighed. Like the majority of extraordinary fish stories they cannot be credited. No specimen tipping the scale even at 20 pounds is authentically on record, and ten pounders are considered wonderful rarities. Men who fish constantly claim that the season's average shows a preponderance of two and three pounders, with a few six, five or seven pounders thrown in. The number to be had depends a good deal on the locality, of course, but a string of 20 to 40 is by no means exceptional in the best waters.

New Yorkers are quite partial to blackfishing and regular excursion boats are frequently run to the banks with large parties on board. They generally return laden with spoils. Launches and sailboats are also used, and along the coast skiffs carry out many fishermen. On Saturdays and Sundays, from April until November, there can be seen issuing from every harbor hundreds of little craft bound



LANDING A BIG ONE.

for the haunts of the blackfish. Here they anchor and remain all day, seldom failing to land a good catch.

Small launches make the best means of conveyance, because they enable one to reach the likeliest ledges (those near shore are pretty well fished out) and because their shallow draft permits of their running safely into the rocky places inhabited by the fish. Sailboats are rather dangerous in this respect and it is no rare occurrence to see one hung up high and dry by the falling tide. Rowboats are very convenient for near-shore fishing, but rather risky. Squalls are likely to come up at any moment and make matters more than interesting for the fishermen.

The blackfish is said never to desert his home waters and it is a fact that he never visits the rivers like do the salmon and the sturgeon to lay his spawn. At the advent of the cold weather he becomes torpid and goes into hibernation, not emerging again until the return of spring. April marks the return of his appetite and fishermen time the period of his reappearance with the flowering of the dogwood. From then until November he can be caught, though there is a time in midsummer during which he is hard to get, when he will only be tempted by the daintiest of delicacies. By September he is feeding voraciously again, however, so the slack season only lasts a few weeks.

The bait commonly used for blackfish is the soft-shell clam and the fiddler crab. Knowing anglers swear variously by shrimp, hermit crab, sandworm, hard clam and the tail-end of a chicken lobster as irresistible morsels. The opinion that ideal conditions are clouded skies and sufficient breeze to just ruffle the water without stirring it. The writer's experience and that of several of his angler friends has been that weather makes very little difference.

A common belief, in no way substantiated, is that blackfish have a keen sense of hearing. Novices are always cautioned to make as little noise as possible. It is also said that they are very sensitive to vibrations that they will cease from biting at the first peal; and to this is added the legend that after sharp crashes of lightning a number are to be found floating around on the surface dazed or dead.

Not the least good point of the blackfish is his toothiness. Fresh caught and cooked on the embers, he offers a morsel fit for the gods. The fish is firm, savory and possessed of a delicious flavor. But to the writer, the greatest charm in blackfishing lies in the beautiful nooks and enchanting little islands about his haunts where one can go ashore early for a few hours or if the spirit moves, for several days of camping.

Nothing is more delightful than to glide away the time in such pleasant surroundings, fishing, bathing and boating. And the catch will not be wanted, for the blackfish is strong and hardy and will suffer no ill effects from being confined alive to a tank or small pool for a few days.

## A Telephone Bluff.

At 101st street and Broadway a man was talking into a telephone, says the New York Times. Presently he was heard to say:

"All right, I'll come. I am now at 23rd street and Broadway. I'll be up in about half an hour."

"That chap seems to have lost his bearings," said a man who had overheard the error in locality.

"He knows where he is all right," said the drug clerk. "He's just putting up a bluff. It is quite a common bluff. Men who have a mighty regard for truth at all other times do not hesitate to tell a whopper over the telephone. It is the easiest way to get it was to make out they were a mile or two further away than they really were."

## Curfew Law Still in Effect

Boy Is Unsuccessful in Making Father Believe He Is Old Enough to Take Care of Self.

Oliver Allyn Marsh, author of the "Where to Dine Well" column and other works of a similar nature, is the father of a boy, now eleven years old, who is causing him to end "tires" troubles, as he has just reached the mischievous age. Mr. Marsh has a summer home at Port Washington, Long Island, where he insists that the boy shall be indoors before the curfew of midnight strikes in. The father and son have had several friendly discussions over the matter, the father contending the boy is not old enough to take care of himself and the boy declaring he is equal to any emergency.

The test came for the boy one night last week. Mr. Marsh had a thrilling experience in the highway leading to his home after he left a train at the station. As he neared a lonesome

spot in the road he was greeted by a fusillade of stones. Then a voice demanded that he halt. Mr. Marsh, being unarmed, took to his heels in such a hurry that he actually flew out from under his hat. Breathlessly arriving at his home he narrated to his wife and son his narrow escape and then solemnly told the nearest headquarters—a grocery—of the township constabulary.

It was an opportunity for young Marsh to prove his steel and incidentally satisfy his father that he was "tires" much of the matter. Without a moment's hesitation he set out in the night and soon afterward, to the amazement of his father, returned with the dust covered hat. The father grasped his hat by the band and affectionately patted him on the arm.

But the next morning! Well, the boy's mother should never have told Mr. Marsh that night about the boy coming into the house on a run just before the hold-up incident. If she

had left that a secret the father would not have taken the brave little son in to the library the next morning, where, after a domestic third degree, he made him admit that he was the "bold, bad" bandit. The father then sent out his illustrious parrot and then beat him home by taking a short cut through a stretch of lowlands.

The curfew ordinance still "goes" in the Marsh household.

**Carnegie's Advice.**  
The story of Andrew Carnegie, thinker, author, thrice lord rector of Saint Andrew's university and multi-millionaire, is a typical instance of resolute personality rising triumphantly from an humble environment.  
After his 74 years' experience of life, Mr. Carnegie told Mr. Pennock that his advice to those who would achieve their share of the world's wealth, or to those who want a reasonable amount of leisure, and pleasure, was to read and remember. Mr. Carnegie also stated that the first penny he ever earned was for a feat of memory.—Everybody's

# The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

The Recent Uprising in Arabia—Attacks on the Hejaz Railway indicate New Unrest—Fresh Hostility to Christians.

On Mt. Nebo, Land of Moab.—Trying to get to the inwardness of nations which have been seen only superficially in the cities, I have been over in Arabia. Here, on the spot where Moses was given his glimpse of the Land of Promise, I encamped with a company of Bedouins, beneath whose tents I expected to find the traditional Arabian hospitality, if received at all. Instead, I have met with scant courtesy, and that this has not been open hostility is due to the unsettled times and the fact that does not know quite how to take the new attentions of the Young Turk government.

I did not know, at the moment, the risk I ran, for the ferment which I have seen in the burning of oil, armed antagonism to the government, on the part of the Arabs, who attacked the Hejaz railway, despoiled a station and a train, robbing the passengers, killing some of the crew, cutting the telegraph wires and generally bidding defiance to the authorities. A party of Americans numbering nine, going over the same route as myself, and only two days later, were despoiled of all their money and possessions, and saved their lives almost by a miracle.

The Arabs are ever in strength, and this seems to be more than a raid, indications pointing to a concerted movement among the tribes, against whom the government has since sent out an expedition of large proportions. The Arabs are still "out," and Constantinople seems to be afraid of a general rising of all the Bedouins in Arabia.

**Anti-Christian, Anti-Pilgrims.**  
Christ to the situation was seen on Mt. Nebo, when a handsome, black bearded sheikh asked, naively, yet in no pleasant spirit, "Why don't all these Christians go to America, or somewhere else? We don't want them here." He had not the remotest idea that the Christians held this region before Mohammed was born; he spoke out of the common Moslem ignorance and bigotry. The immediate cause of his remarks was the fact that Christians are being expelled from the Turkish army, which used to be entirely Islamic. He was also disturbed by the fact that the government is gathering conscripts from the Arabs.

With more reason than they themselves discern, the conservative elements in Turkey's population are laying the responsibility for all this recent awakening and progress upon the Christians. They think that somehow the infidel dogs are back of this disturbance of the good old days of inaction.

For constitutionally, or rather, theologically, the Moslem is a foe of progress. He looks upon a fastidious Islam which says, "The world is our best." Yet under his rule the civilization of this land has not only stood still, but it has decidedly retrograded. There is a deep element of truth in the charge that the greedy, envious, and aggressive Young Turks are not good Moslems.

**Changes for the Changeless Desert.**  
The Arab has never been able to reason in the abstract or in the large; he thinks only in terms of the individual; therefore he has never created a civilization, although he has lived longer, as a distinct people, than any other on earth. So he feels only vaguely the economic and social changes that are being wrought about him, and the rest of the old world. He knows that he has had to discard, of late, his traditional spear, and even his flintlock musket, with the long barrel, in a desert where the present needs, so that he must buy a rifle, and a rifle cannot be had only with difficulty, and for which it is not easy to secure cartridges. Likewise his tent must now be lighted with kerosene, rather than with a tallow lamp, and he must be getting other radical household improvements, all of which threaten the old order.

The noble Bedouin cannot grasp the larger meaning of the railway that runs through the desert, from Damascus to Medina, with Mecca, its ultimate goal; but he can see that it has deprived him of the profitable employment of transporting and preying upon the pilgrim caravans. The charge of a desert caravan cannot be made up, and he is not averse to touching other radical household improvements, all of which threaten the old order.

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**The Mecca Railway's Meaning.**  
The railway to the Holy Mecca, the Hejaz railway, is the proper name—but comparatively few know its real significance. Advocated, if not originally suggested, by Emperor William, to his good friend Abdul Hamid, it is a work of great importance, to facilitate the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed and the place of the sacred Kaaba, or shrine; toward which all Moslems turn, and where they pray; and toward which the prophet's tomb. It is also of immense strategic value. It enables the government to convey troops quickly to the scene of frequent disturbances by the turbulent Bedouins. Without it, the control of the Hejaz region was merely nominal, government by entreaty and bribes to the lawless tribes.

And Hejaz province, so little known to the world, and here desert waste, is the most important of the Turkish possessions. This anomaly is explained by the statement that the two holy cities of Islam, Mecca and Medina, are within the Hejaz. By virtue of this fact, the Hejaz is the key to the Caliphate, and is regarded as the great Moslem power. Actually,

through the window, and then pursued two fleeing forms into the darkness outside, firing as he ran. His ammunition exhausted, he hastened back to the office and telephoned to the police station.

"I've just shot a burglar," he said. "Two of them tried to break into the office and I chased them. I killed one, and the other owes his life to the fact that he is not a bullet. Come quick. You may catch him before he gets away."

A posse surrounded the big farm.

**HIS MARKSMANSHIP IS GOOD**  
Night Watchman at the Ostlich Farm Thinks He Sees Burglars at the Window.

Sitting alone in the office of the Bentley ostich farm at Melrose the other night, A. Walters, night watchman, looked up from his paper and was startled to see two faces peering at him through a window.

"Burglars!" he gasped, and drew his revolver. He sent two shots

Great Britain rules several times as many Moslems as Turkey. But it is Turkey's hold upon the followers of the prophet that enables this queerly assorted empire to hang together. If she loses the Hejaz, it will be shortly all up with her. None the less, there are many who think that the Young Turk myself among the number, who look to see Great Britain in control of all of Arabia before many years.

Two years ago the Hejaz railway was completed as far as Medina, and great jubilation. It is doubtful if it will be pushed through to Mecca for a long time to come; at least, not until this question of the turbulent Bedouins is settled. For nearly five miles the road runs through absolute desert. Special cars were built to carry water. The fear of the Arabs is so great that some of the passenger coaches are armored—and noisy, rattly boxes they are, not to speak of their filthy, dark interiors and general management, would be counted farcical by American railroad men; even certain roads in the southern states are punctuated itself, as compared with this single train a day.

Most of the cars are of the traditional Arabian hospitality, if received at all. Instead, I have met with scant courtesy, and that this has not been open hostility is due to the unsettled times and the fact that does not know quite how to take the new attentions of the Young Turk government.

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with Christians and Jews from Macedonia and the coast; it is a factor in spreading discontent. All of these men, wittingly or not, are propagandists of the new order. It was a momentous day for civilization, and for Turkey, when the authorities decided to enlist followers of the Prince of Peace in the army of the prophet. (Copyright, 1911, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

## TO THE NEW MARRIED MAN

Things He Should Practice to Learn How to Button a Dress in the Back.

You may not have noticed it, but they button in the back. Life is a discipline, and so you had better take time by the forelock and be prepared. Purchase from some large dressmaking establishment one of those bulky ladies who have neither head nor heels, known as dummies or dress-forms. Procure an old gown of your mother's or sister's, and each morning practice fastening it down up to the back.

Set it in a rocking-chair, so that it will wiggle, and see whether you can get the right button or hook into the right buttonhole or eye. When you can do this, say "once out of four times," have the buttons changed to a size just too large for the buttonholes, and begin all over again. If fairly clever at this, try a row of hooks and eyes invisible to the naked eye.

Then substitute for the metal eyes a few loops of thread well lit in the meshes of a jungle lace. Do not use a strong light, for you will often have to perform in the twilight or early morning. Speed is requisite, and there should be a few pins and needles thrust into the gown at unexpected points.

At first you can use the language that comes naturally; but gradually this should be discontinued, and replaced by something less offensive. Count ten before you really express your feelings.

If you are able to pass through this course successfully, fastening the gown straight in three minutes

without profanity, you may proceed to the next lesson—Success Magazine.

**Vegetables the Pretty Girl's Friend.**  
Try a vegetarian diet for a little while and see what it will do for your bilious complexion. You are right in thinking that vegetables don't feed the brain sufficiently for mental work. Many great statesmen have tried it, but they have all given it up. From a pretty girl's standpoint, however, it is perfection, as it clears the skin if you don't overdo it by keeping it too long. As you have to be a brain worker and a pretty girl, too, try this. Use vegetable diet for a week or two. Take very little tea or coffee, as vegetable eating demands less. When you feel the need of some stimulant greatly, treat yourself to a juicy beefsteak. It will act like wine upon you and when you see how stimulating it is you will realize what the bad effects might be of overdoing it.—Woman's World.

**Story of Duruy and Pasteur.**  
The centenary is approaching of the birth of Victor Duruy, the French historian, who was also minister of education under Napoleon III. One day he and Pasteur shared a cab to drive to the Institut de France, and Duruy proposed to pay. "No change," said the cabman when tendered a five franc piece. "No matter," replied Duruy. "Keep the coin as a souvenir of the fact that you have today driven the greatest man of science in France."

Whereupon Pasteur, not to be outdone, produced another five franc piece. "And keep this coin also," he said, "in memory of the fact that you have today driven the greatest minister of education that the world has ever seen."

**The Light That Failed.**  
Jones was at the theater, and bent his ear to a lady with a child on her lap which was crying unceasingly. Unable to stand it any longer, Jones turned smilingly to the lady and asked: "Has that infant of yours been christened yet, ma'am?" "No, sir," replied the lady. "If I were you I would call it 'Good Idea,'" said Jones. "And why 'Good Idea'?" said the lady, indignantly. "Because," said Jones, "it should be carried out."

**Clothes Baskets.**  
One of the largest imports from Russia into America is willow clothes baskets. The huge hamper so commonly used in our nearly all made in central Russia by peasants, although some come from the Danube valley, and there is considerable domestic manufacture. The importations last year exceeded one million dollars worth.

**Orange Pie.**  
The juice and grated rind of one orange, one small cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon of cornstarch made smooth with milk, small piece of butter and one cup of milk. Bake in one crust, using white of eggs for frosting.

**Lamb Stew With Peas.**  
Put the lamb and a quart of water into a stew pan. When half done season to taste and add green peas. Simmer slowly and when the peas are about done season with mint and parsley chopped fine, allowing them to simmer until ready to serve.

**Triumphantly Walters led the sergeant to where a dark form lay wedged in a heap on the ground, a testimony as to his marksmanship. A policeman bent over the form. "Why, it's an ostrich!" he exclaimed. —San Francisco Chronicle.**

**Had Heard Rumors.**  
Literary Caller—Say what you will about them, one has to admit his pertinacity. Hostess (slightly deaf)—Yes; I've heard that his plays are somewhat aw-

## TRIO OF GOOD THINGS

GERMAN RECIPE FOR FRIED CABBAGE WITH APPLES.

How to Make Fried Pies That Are Delicious Hot or Cold—Russian Fudge Is Worth the Trouble.

**Fried Cabbage With Apples.**—Cut the cabbage as for stew or ordinary frying and if not crisp let stand in cold water a while. Drain and place in frying pan. Now pare, core and slice apples over the top until there is a good thick layer, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little sugar, dot generously with butter—or two-thirds butter, one-third lard—use—patially cover with boiling water, cover tightly and set on stove to cook. As the water boils away and the cabbage and apples begin frying down and becoming tender, remove cover and toss frequently with knife to prevent burning. When browned slightly add several tablespoons of vinegar and olive oil, remove from stove at once and serve. This is an old German recipe.

**Fried Pies.**—Make a good pie dough, divide in small sections and roll out, not too thin, in oblongs, as though for turnovers, about seven by five inches. Put your preserves, cooked fruits fairly well drained or fresh fruits that require scant cooking. Place a spoonful or so on one end of the pie flat, sprinkle lightly with sugar, dot with butter, spices also for some fruits, cut ends with upper flap, lap over, roll edges securely and try on both sides to a golden brown in a pan of piping hot lard. Place on platter, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar. Delicious hot or cold packed in lunchboxes.

**Russian Fudge.**—A fudge recipe not often heard of but worth the trouble. Two pounds of granulated sugar, one can condensed milk (not evaporated), butter of one of the best grades, one spoon vanilla. Melt butter in pan, add sugar and condensed milk and mix well; let come to a boil slowly, then boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly, as it scorches easily. Add a cup of broken nuts, if desired, and a spoon vanilla. Melt butter in pan, add sugar and condensed milk and mix well; let come to a boil slowly, then boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly, as it scorches easily. Add a cup of broken nuts, if desired, and a spoon vanilla. Melt butter in pan, add sugar and condensed milk and mix well; let come to a boil slowly, then boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly, as it scorches easily. Add a cup of broken nuts, if desired, and a spoon vanilla.

**CABBAGE COOKED WITH CARE**  
If These Instructions Are Followed It Will Be Free From Rank Flavor.

If cabbage is properly cooked it will be free from rank flavor. After quartering and slicing the head, rejecting, of course, the outside leaves, and heart, cook for ten minutes in salted water. Then pour off the water, put the vegetable in a sieve and set it under the cold water faucet. The sieve should be held in a big earthen bowl and as the water fills up the bowl it should be poured off and fresh water run over the vegetable again, so that every part of it is thoroughly freshened. When well rinsed lift up the sieve, drain the cabbage and cut it into small pieces. Put it on the fire again in an enamel lined pot, cover with milk and let it cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Season with salt and pepper, and cooking about ten minutes before serving mix some soft butter and flour to a paste—enough to thicken the milk so that it forms a nice white sauce around it. A very young cabbage, straight from the garden, does not require such careful treatment.

**About a Mattress.**  
A mattress should be turned every day, but unless the turning is done carefully it is liable to warp the stuffing out of shape. To prevent this use several handles of ticking or webbing to the sides and you will be able to turn the mattress without straining the ticking.

When one of the rosettes shows signs of coming off, it should be immediately stitched in position, for the stuffing will rapidly work out of place and the mattress will lose its shape. New rosettes may be made out of old kid gloves and sewn on with fine twine with a long upholsterer's needle.

By following these hints you will greatly prolong the life of your mattress.

**Cauliflower a La Polonaise.**  
Trim a cauliflower and let it soak in cold water with a pinch of salt for half an hour. Then boil in fresh water until tender and drain thoroughly. Butter a baking dish, lay in the cauliflower. Chop the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, mix with a teaspoonful of minced parsley and sprinkle over the cauliflower. Melt a half cup of butter and let simmer until brown. Put it off and add a pinch of minced parsley and a tablespoonful of breadcrumbs previously fried in a little butter. Pour over the cauliflower just before serving.

**Saled Pyramids.**  
About one pound of cold new potatoes, one cooked beet, one cucumber, a little grated horseradish, and some salad dressing. With a round cutter cut out equal sized rounds of potato, beet and cucumber. The slices will be about one-eighth of an inch thick. Arrange them in alternate layers in moulds or pyramids; the top layer should be rather smaller rounds. Put a heap of very finely chopped green horseradish on the top of each. Arrange the pyramids in a bowl and pour the salad dressing round.

**Orange Pie.**  
The juice and grated rind of one orange, one small cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon of cornstarch made smooth with milk, small piece of butter and one cup of milk. Bake in one crust, using white of eggs for frosting.

**Lamb Stew With Peas.**  
Put the lamb and a quart of water into a stew pan. When half done season to taste and add green peas. Simmer slowly and when the peas are about done season with mint and parsley chopped fine, allowing them to simmer until ready to serve.

**Triumphantly Walters led the sergeant to where a dark form lay wedged in a heap on the ground, a testimony as to his marksmanship. A policeman bent over the form. "Why, it's an ostrich!" he exclaimed. —San Francisco Chronicle.**

**Had Heard Rumors.**  
Literary Caller—Say what you will about them, one has to admit his pertinacity. Hostess (slightly deaf)—Yes; I've heard that his plays are somewhat aw-

## AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but I did not get any good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began its use and wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well." —MRS. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 8, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

**Another Grateful Woman.**  
Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run down condition and for three years could find no help. I got my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life. My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it." —MRS. MARY JANETTE BATES, Box 154, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periods, pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

**Mean Man.**

"Now, John, if I were to die you would weep over me and tell every body what a good wife I was." "No, I wouldn't, believe me." "Well, I would for you, just for decency's sake, and that shows I'm not half as mean as you are."